WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.] SATURDAY, April 21, 1804. [No. 81

THE STARLING.

A NOVEL IN MINIATURE.

(Continued from page 218).

CHAPTER III.

THE SIGH. AN INCIDENT.

"BY what rule of justice, Maria," said he, "is the bosom of youth and beauty agitated by so deep a sigh?—And why, lovely girl! the melancholy which seems settled on these features? Is sorrow so luxurious in his taste, that he can be satisfied with no meaner residence than among the riches and elegancies which adorn Maria's heart.

"Despotic woe,—how ruthless is thy sway!
"Maria's griefs, to well, alas! display;
"E'en beauty seeks for tranquil ease in vain;
"Nor sense—nor virtue wards the shafts of pain!"

The aunt was stung to the very soul: Courtney relapsed into his former reverie, and Maria began to suspect that she had been hitherto mistaken in her conjectures about Courtney's indifference, and to sooth her fluttering heart with the long estranged whispers of hope. Just at this instant, for so decreed that little urchin, whom ancient and modern wits have conspired to maim and disfigure,—that little urchin whom the Greeks have robbed of his eyes, and whom Le Sage has caused to go on crutches,—Just at that moment we say, in came Betty, panting for breath, and, with a face as long as a methodist parson's, when the congregation forget to drop their money in the plate, to inform Maria that she had let the starling fly out at the window.

In an instant the Hysonean mysteries were suspended; and, without saying a word, the priestess flew from the neglected altar, and hastened up stairs to regain her little favorite. Courtney flew with equal speed to lend his assistance, and Betty was preparing to follow, but her malignant mistress, desirous of depriving Maria of her little favorite, was willing to rob her of all the assistance she could, and detained the muttering chambermaid where she was.

Her malignant design was, however, disappointed. No sooner did the bird, who was perched on the outside of a window, see the fond hand of his mistress held out to him, than he flew upon her finger and suffered himself to be put into his cage without resistance.

Courtney now laid hold of the trembling hand of the lovely Maria, and was going to lead her down stairs. They had got to the door; Courtney's hand was on the lock; when he was surprised to hear a voice at the further end of the room, distinctly pronounce "heigh ho!—oh Courtney!" He turned round in astonishment. Maria made a feeble effort to withdraw her right hand, while, with the other, she covered her eyes, and endeavored to conceal her confusion.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ECLAIRCISSEMENT.

"Whence could that voice proceed?" said the wondering Courtney; but he was quickly resolved. "O Courtney! dear Courtney!" said the starling again. His heart fluttered with tenderness and surprise. The flame, which, without his suspecting it, had been long kindling now burst out all at once. He gazed with ardent delight on the embarrassed Maria: he pressed her hand to his bosom. As for our poor heroine, not the aspin so trembles before the gale—not the rose so trembles on the pendant thorn, when the vernal shower has bent its blushing head. "Charming Miss Howard!" said the youth, with a look and accent of the utmost tenderness, "may I, sweet enchanting girl! presume to enquire if this bird has ever any company but yourself?"—"O Mr. Courtney," replied Maria at length, with a faltering voice, "why do you seek to insult and triumph in the weakness of an inexperienced girl?"—"Perish the wretch whose unfeeling heart is

capable of such baseness!" replied he, with the honest warmth of sincerity. "Contempt and apathy be the portion of that man, whose heart does not vibrate with increasing tenderness, when artless beauty, yielding to the sweet dictates of nature, reveals the tender feelings of her heart. But let me read my fate in those embarrassed eyes,—thy sweet confusion,—thy enchanting silence! these are the modest heralds of the heart."

Maria attempted to withdraw her hand.

"Thou must not go, my sweet Maria, yet!—Thou must not snatch from me so soon the transport thou hast given. Heaven make this hour my last, if I love thee not with the purest ardor that ever warmed a youthful heart. Oh! stay and hear me vow how much I love thee!" (A sigh, a blush, an involuntary smile, evinced how pleasing was the subject to the heart of our trembling heroine.) "Dear, charming bird! delightful accident——" continued he. "Pray let me go Mr. Courtney," said the faltering Maria, "my aunt will wonder at our delay."

Thus did Maria, though she could have listened for ever with delight to the fond vows of Courtney, endeavor to persuade him to desist from a conversation the most delightful to her ears: but Courtney knew the sex. He was aware they are not born to command, they generally despise the man who implicitly obeys them. In short, an eclaircissement took place, which terminated with the warmest professions of unalterable affection on his side; and on that of his lovely mistress, in that soft and modest confusion which, in eloquent silence, speaks the pure fondness of the virgin heart.

CHAPTER LAST.

THE SONNET.

The short season of courtship rolled gaily away, and, as even the malignity of a maiden aunt could start no reasonable objection to their happiness, the torch of Hymen was shortly bade to blaze once more with the bright, but long forgotten flames of mutual sympathy and disinterested affection.

Shortly after, the happy bridegroom, reflecting on the little circumstance which had produced the discovery of their mutual attachment, composed the following sonnet with which we shall conclude our tale.

SONNET TO THE STARLING.

How oft the tuneful bard's enraptur'd strain.
Hath sung the praises of the turtle dove!
And Venus' self receives him in her train,
The fav'rite emblem of the power of Love.
If to the radient synod of the skies
The goddess flies, her turtles too are there;
And if to Pa, hos' happy isle she flies,
To Paphos' happy isle her turtles must repair.
But oh no more, bright power! the turtle grace,
But to the starling yield his envied place:
For, goddess, say, did e'er thy fav'rite dove,
To love, or lovers, half so friendly prove?

II.

The early lark, that heralds in the day,
And gladdens Nature with his dulcet note
Has oft been sung in many a sprightly lay,
Sweet as the warblings of his attic throat:
In grateful rapture oft the muse hath strung;
Her heavenly harp, his praises to rehearse;
Who, while aloft, his early praise he sung,
Wak'd her to all the charms of varied verse.
But oh! the lark no more, ye muses praise,
For, lo! the starling claims your fondest lays;
Sweet bird! whose voice did late the herald prove,
That wak'd my soul to tenderness and love!

Selected Biography.

LUCRETIA,

THE famous Roman matron, was the daughter of Lucretius, and the wife of Collatinus, and the cause of the revolution of Rome from a monarchy to a republic. Her husband being at the seige of Ardes, a conversation took place between him and the three sons of Tarquin, respecting the prudence and fidelity of their wives. At length they all agreed to take a ride to Rome to see how their respective ladies were employed. The daughters-in-law of Tarquin were indulging themselves with all manner of luxuries; but Lucretia, surrounded by her maids, was busily employed in needle-work. It was therefore admitted that her conduct was the most commendable, and they returned to the camp. Sixtus, the eldest, came again to Rome a few days after, and calling on Lucretia, was treated with all the civility due to his rank. After supper he was conducted to the chamber where he was to repose.

At a time that he supposed all the family were asleep, he took a sword in his hand, went to Lucretia's apartment, and practised every art to subdue her virtue. Finding all his artifices useless, he threatened, that after having killed her, he would kill a slave and lay the body by hers, and then spread a report, that, having found them in the act of adultery, he had slain them both. Terrified by this horrid menace, the lady yielded, and the monster returned to the camp. Lucretia, the next day, sent for her father and her husband, to whom she related the horrid circumstances that had occurred. In vain they endeavored to console her, for, instantly drawing forth a dagger, she plunged it into her breast. Lucretia's death occasioned the liberty of the Romans, who, excited by Brutus, expelled the Tarquins from their city. This happened 509, B. C.

THOUGHTS ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE MIND AND MANNERS,

Addressed to a young lady of Bologna, by a member of the academy DELLA CRUSCA.

From "Theodosius and Constantia."

MADAM,

THE first step that a young lady can take towards improvement, is to be convinced that she wants it.—The mind is situated in such an obscure recess, and is so little the object of the senses, that it is a difficult matter to take a view of it at all: much more, to behold it in its true light. Hence, we are apt to believe it sufficiently furnished, when desolate and empty; and to think it properly cultivated, though it produces little more than the rude growth of nature.

Better, however, is even that growth, than some artificial products. Better is the harvest of wild simplicity, than the rank and thriving crops that have been cultivated by the industry of Folly!

Of all the offensive weeds that are apt to spring up in a young mind, and to oppress its better fruits, affectation is the most destructive—where it takes root, the love of truth and nature perish unavoidably, and artifice and insincerity usurp their place. Qualities which are so infinitely odious, so perfectly oppo-

site to all that is amiable or deserving of confidence, that, if a lady had an aversion to being beloved, she could not find a more effectual antidote.

Never, Madam, have I known an affected woman possessed of any amiable, or any virtuous quality!

The Coccatrici is not unknown to you. Behold in her, then, a most instructive lecture on the management of the mind! For the Coccatrici, with the best natural understanding, not uncultivated by books, is at pains to render herself the most odious woman in the world. Affectation has the absolute dominion both of her person and mind. Her words, her motions, her actions, her opinions, are all under the influence of affectation; all receive its ugly and disgustful stamp.—Obscurely born herself, the coccatrici's passion is quality.—Without any very striking accomplishments of person, she affects the softness, the negligence, the languishments of beauty.—These and innumerable more absurdities, arising from the same principle of affectation, render her the contempt of your sex, and the jest of ours—Yet were ridiculous manners the only effect of this principle, the Coccatrici might be laughed at and pitied; but the same insincerity, the same deviation from truth and nature which produces these, has other consequences that render her detestable—she is scurrilous and treacherous: nor is this to be wondered at. A mind, which affectation has alienated from every natural principle of simplicity, loses at the same time, the social virtues, and becomes indifferent to the interests and the reputation of others.

Of no simple ingredients is this character composed.—Forbidding pride, ridiculous vanity, insidious insincerity, virulent malignity, make a part of the composition of the *Coccatrici*.

Characters are always the best comments upon precepts.—In the *Coccatrici*, Madam, you behold by what odious qualities a polished understanding may be debased.

For the improvement of the manners, therefore, something more must be necessary than the mere acquisition of knowledge; and this something I take to be the cultivation of benevolence and sincerity. An infinite number of virtues will spring from these valuable roots.—The love of human kind will make you a friend to every fellow-creature, and, together with the approbation of your own heart, general esteem and admiration will be your reward.—The love of truth will always save you from affectation, and all its disagreeable consequences—Sacrifice at the shrine of nature, and rather borrow from her your manners and sentiments, than from the fantastic humors of fashion. From her, likewise, borrow your knowledge, and not from the labors of the schools.—She will give you no narrow or illiberal ideas of her great author.—Be such writers, therefore, your study, as have made her theirs; such as have shown the wisdom, the economy, the prudence, the benevolent purposes of her works. The contemplation of such objects gives the mind a large and liberal turn; lays a foundation for the most rational piety, and reconciles us to the allotments of life, when we behold the superintendence of a wise and benevolent power, over every department of the universe.

Next to natural philosophy, the history of humankind will merit your attention.—Various are the advantages to be derived from this course of reading.—A celebrated writer of antiquity has observed, that he who is ignorant of what happened before his own times, is still a child.—Before I had made a competent acquaintance with history, I never could read this passage without pain and shame.—I imagined that the eyes of the great orator were upon me, and that I appeared childish before him. I am now extremely well convinced, that what he observed, was comparatively just.

Ignorance is the characteristic of childhood, and the mind that is uninformed, at whatever period of life, is still in a peurile state.

From the knowledge of past events and their causes; from attending to the economy of providence in the external and internal government of the world; by tracing the progress of science, and the gradual improvement of the mind, we learn to form just conceptions of human actions and opinions, to make the best use of reason, in foreseeing the consequences of principles yet unpractised; to enlarge and liberalize our religious sentiments, while we contemplate the Supreme Being in the capacity of an universal parent; and to see what moral perfection the human mind is capable of, when man in his savage, and in his civilized state, is distinctly presented to our view.

These, madam, are enquiries worthy of a rational creature—worthy of that acute and penetrating genius which the liberal hand of nature has given you!

Make an adequate use of her generous and valuable gifts.—Despise the sneer of superficial foppery, that is ever jealous of superior sense, and dreads the knowledge of a woman, on account of its own ignorance.—If you are not without hopes of being united to a man of an accomplished mind, qualify yourself for his company.—Let him not be obliged to consider his wife merely as a domestic, useful in her appointment; make him esteem her as a rational companion, whose conversation may enliven the hours of solitude, and who, with a mind not vacant or unfurnished, may, like the housholder in the gospel, *bring forth out of her treasure things new and old.*

To what a despicable state would your sex be degraded, by those monopolizers of dignity and knowledge, who would debar you from both!—What! were reason, and reflection, and memory, and every other faculty that is adapted to literary improvements, given to you, as they are given to us, by a different author, or for different purposes?—Mean fallacy in our sex, that would establish the worst species of tyranny over you, the tyranny of the mind! Groundless and illiberal fear in man, that he should lose his dignity in the eyes of a woman, who was not inferior to him in sense! Is it the property of cultivated minds to hold cheap the accomplishments of others? Is it not from such minds only, that they can meet the respect due to their merit?—He who is afraid of marrying a woman that is not absolutely ignorant, gives a fair proof, at least, that such is not his own case.

There are provinces, in which our sex may properly acquire and maintain a superiority of knowledge, and in which it would not been worth your while to excel.—There are, likewise, certain departments in which you should claim, unrivalled, the compliment of excellence; but the cultivation of the mind,

should be equally the care of both, since nature has given to both, minds equally capable of cultivation.

It was natural for me to digress, when I was pleading in favor of the privileges of your amiable sex!

To an acquaintance with natural and civil history, you will do well, to join the lighter and more amusive entertainments of the *belles lettres*.—The study of the former will enrich, that of the latter will embellish the mind. From works of taste and harmony, we derive a kind of mechanical virtue, and learn to admire what is truly beautiful and harmonious in moral life.—The genius of poetry has a softening and humanizing influence on the mind; and its pathetic powers increase that charming sensibility, that enthusiastic tenderness and delicacy of affection, which renders your lovely sex so justly the delight and admiration of ours.

I mean not, however, that by this kind of reading you should soften your mind, so much as form your taste, by admiring and attending to what is perfectly beautiful, in one of the finest arts of imitation.

This art is so naturally adapted to cultivate that harmony, which the academics of old esteemed the essence of moral virtue, that I was always at a loss to know why Plato would have poets banished his commonwealth, till convinced, it was because they hurt the interests of religion, and injured the dignity of the gods, by the sportive sallies of the muse.

After all, madam, whatever proficiency you may have it in your power to make in literary accomplishments, forget not that the qualities of the heart are infinitely preferable to those of the head. Should you be unable, for want of assistance, or opportunity, to furnish your mind with the treasures of antiquity; to acquaint yourself with the philosophy of nature; or to embellish your taste by the more polished labors of genius; remember that you still have it in your power to make yourself amiable, by a sweetness of disposition, by an openness of heart, and simplicity of manners."

ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE:

OR, THE

POWER OF FEMALE BEAUTY.

ONE of my friends used to boast, that the most beautiful woman in the world could never make him forget his duty as a judge. I believe you, I replied; but every migistrate is a man before he is a judge. The first emotion will be for the fair plaintiff, the second for justice; and then I related to him this tale.

A countess, handsome enough to influence the most rigid judge in favor of the worst cause, was desired to take the part of a colonel in the army against a tradesman. The tradesman was in conference with the judge, who found his claim so clear, and so just, that, he assured him of success. At the moment, the charming countess appeared in the anti-chamber. The judge ran to meet her. Her address, her air, her eyes, the tone of her voice, such an accumulation of charms were so persuasive, that in the moment he felt more as a man than a judge and he promised the lovely advocate that the colonel should gain his cause. Here the judge was engaged on both sides. When he returned to his study he found the tradesman in despair. "I have seen her," cried the poor man, out of his senses, "I have seen the lady who solicits against me, she is as handsome as an angel. O sir! my cause is lost." "Put yourself in my place," says the judge, quite confused, "could I refuse her?" and saying this, he took an hundred pistoles from his purse, which was the amount of the tradesman's demand, and gave them to him. The lady heard of this and as she was scrupulously virtuous, she was fearful of laying under too great an obligation to the judge, and immediately sent him the hundred pistoles. The colonel who was as gallant as the lady was scrupulous, repaid her the money, and so in the end every one did what was right. The judge feared to be unjust, the countess was cautious of laying under too great an obligation, the colonel paid his debt, and the tradesman received his due.

THE NEGRO.

"ALAS! I am very faint and very feeble," said a voice which misery seemed to have rendered almost inarticulate. They were the words of a poor Negro, who, oppressed by the heat of the sun (for the day was hot and sultry) in a languid posture was enjoying a short respite from his labors. "Detested be that avarice which deals in cargoes of wretchedness, and thrives by the traffic of despair!" I exclaimed the very moment my imagination caught the picture. "Perhaps," said I, "this child of sorrow has been torn from a father,—a mother. Nature must have pleaded very loudly against his captivity;" for I thought I could perceive the tears of affection standing in his eyes. "Or perhaps he has loved—one who returned his vows with an equal passion, and for whom his heart beat high with rapture. Perhaps he has looked forward, with eager expectation, to the days he seemed destined to pass with the companion of his youth; and now"——I thought on thee, Eliza, the partner of my life, and I endeavored to divert my thoughts from the gloomy road they were pursuing;—but in vain. My captive spoke still louder.

"I once was happy," said he. "When I lived beyond these great waters, I heard not the yells of despair; the gale rung not with the shrieks of the wretched. Our hut was in a cool valley, beneath the shade of the lofty palm-trees. My labors then were sweet; for I feared neither stripes nor master. My work in the fields provided my father with food, and he repaid with smiles the toil of his son. All was joy, all was pleasure. Strong and cheerful, I hailed the breezes of the morning; at noon I bathed in the stream; and in the evening joined the happy dance in the meadow. But now—

"I loved, alas! the beauteous Yoncha. She was the theme of every song, the envy of surrounding virgins. For her love I fought, and made two heroes bow at my feet. The maid of my heart trembled for my safety, and hailed my victory with the smiles of rapture. I brought her the clustered bananas. From my hand, she said, they were more luscious. For her I climbed the airy cocoa-tree, and threw into her lap the milky fruit. In the chase, she nerved my arm with strength and inspired my breast with courage. Then I smiled on danger, I heeded not death. I attacked the indignant foe in his den. Though his eyes glistened with anger, I pierced him, and he bled for Yoncha. I carried home the spoils of the battle, and

placed them in her bower. But now, alas! she bleeds for her lost warrior. She hears not his groans. He pines in slavery; he lingers for the stroke of death. Ah, me! the deep ocean divides us.—Methinks the breezes that play on the surface of the waters, might waft her a sigh, or a prayer. I have often asked them, but they seem not to regard me.

"We were dancing on the green in the evening, and we dreaded not the hour of danger. But the tall ship anchored in the stream, and treachery lurked for our captivity. In vain we wept. The whites heed not the sighs of the Negro. They know not the treasure I have left behind me. She may yet be safe. I recal the scenes of pleasure I partook with her, and memory adds new horrors to despair.

"I have toiled till my hand is feeble. I must, therefore, expect more lashes. The white men are very powerful; for their gods are stronger than ours. They are not appeased by the sighs of the Negro. Our labors are bitter; but they furnish a rich sweet for our masters."—

And are thy sighs, wretched Negro! thus served up as a repast to our luxury shall we not reject the drug thy sorrows have prepared? Shall we drown thy cries in the roar of the carousal, while thy tears are mantling in the bowl, and mixing it with the gall of human anguish?—No!—Be assured injured captives, your sighs have been wafted to a corner of the globe where humanity seldom cries in vain. She has pleaded the cause of millions, and the period of your sorrows is fast approaching.

A LETTER

From a Musical Gentleman to his Friend.

Dear Sir,

I AM extremely obliged to you for the books, as they very oppor-*tune*-ly relieved me from a desperate struggle with Signior Campioni, whom you have sometimes heard me mention. This gentleman as if he originally intended hostilities, came to me, attended by his *Second*, and a *third bass* fellow, whom I do not well know what to make of. I really intended to *scrape* an acquaintance with him, and avoided every thing that could put him out of *tune*; yet I had scarce paid my compliments to him, than he began in a *tone* that might be heard half-way down the street. 'Twas *natural* for me to expect he would begin in a different *key*; but I shall be more cautious for the future; that's *flat*. He charged me with casting some *slurrs* on him; and, not content with taking me by the *ears*, had, like a true *Italian*, recourse to the *Stoccado*. How such a *crotchet* could come into his head, I cannot conceive; as I hate *discords*, and really wished to be in *harmony* with him. However, I soon found he was perfectly master of the *sharps*, and understood the *stops* like Belcher or Mendoza, (which, indeed, may be said to be his *forte*.) To *fret*, I saw was useless, and therefore thought it best to *time him*; though by no means an easy task. I believe you will allow me to be as little given to fear as any man; and yet, I assure you, he made me *shake*, and often put me to the *last shift*. However after several *repetitions* and many *ups* and *downs*, in which I got some *strains*, I have the satisfaction to assure you, that I at last *banged* him to some *tune*.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

MODERN NOVELS.

[*From a London Paper.*]

EVERY absurdity has an end—and, as I observe that almost all novels are now of the terrific cast, I hope the insipid repetition of the same *bug-bears* will at length work its own cure. In the mean time, should any of your female readers be desirous of catching the *season of terrors*, they may compose two or three very pretty volumes from the following recipe:—

Take—*An old castle, half of it ruinous,*
A long gallery with a great many doors, some secret one,
Three murdered bodies, quite fresh
As many skeletons, in chests and presses
An old woman hanging by the neck, with her throat cut
Assassins and desperadoes, quant. suff.
Noises, whispers and groans, three score at least,

Mix them together, in the form of three thin *pills*, or volumes and let them be taken or swallowed, at bed-time or any other hour, in any city, village, or watering-place, in England or Wales, and the town of Berwick upon Tweed, (as Proclamations are!) where they will be found equally palatable and sanative by young and middle-aged ladies; with or *without pockets!* I mean in the way of fashion only?—No offence to the provincial ladies.

SHUT THE DOOR AFTER YOU.

SWIFT had some whimsical contrivances to punish his servants for disobedience of orders. The hiring of his maid-servants he left to his housekeeper, and that ceremony over, acquainted them that he had but two commands to give them,—one was, "to shut the door whenever they came into a room; the other, to shut the door after them whenever they went out of a room." One of these maid-servants came to him one day, and requested permission to go to her sister's wedding, which was to be on that day, at a place distant about ten miles from Dublin. Swift not only consented, but said he would lend her one of his own horses with a servant to ride before her, and gave directions accordingly. The maid, in her joy for this favor, forgot to shut the door when she left the room. In about a quarter of an hour after she was gone, the Dean ordered a servant to saddle another horse and make all the speed he could to overtake them, and oblige them to return back immediately. They had not got more than half way, when he came up with them, and told them the Dean's positive commands; with which however, reluctantly, the poor girl was obliged to comply. She came into his presence with a most mortified countenance, and begged to know his honor's commands. "Only to shut the door after you," was the reply; but not to carry the punishment too far, he then permitted her to resume her journey.

Princes learn no art *truly* but that of horsemanship. The reason is, the brave beast is no *flatterer*: he will throw the prince as soon as his groom.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, April 21, 1804.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 27 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 7—bilious fever 1—decay 2—pleurisy 2—scarlet fever 1—strangulated 4—hernia 1—pneumonia 1—syphilis 1—fits 3—apoplexy 1—sudden 1—kink in bowels 1—pulmonalis 2—fever 1—and 2 of disorders not mentioned.

Of the above 21 were adults and 6 children.

Extract of a letter from commodore Preble to Mr. Cathcart, dated Jan. 4th 1804, in the harbor of Syracuse.

I have just returned from a cruise off Tripoli, where on the 23 December I captured a vessel with the bashaw's presents to the grand signior, accompanied by several officers of distinction. I trust this capture will give us considerable advantages in negociating a peace.

[*From late London Papers.*]

MUSICAL INVENTIONS.

Mr. Peter Riesselgen, a native of Copenhagen, has just invented a new musical instrument, which he calls *Melodica*, in which the sound is produced in a manner hitherto unknown, viz. by the friction of metal forks against a moveable metal cylinder, which is effected by straining or slackening the fork, by means of keys like those of an organ. As this invention is proved by competent judges to be entirely new and superior to any one of a similar construction, under the name of the *Harmonica*, his Danish Majesty has granted him his royal letters patent, in which the formation and peculiar excellence of the *Melodica* is detailed at full length.

M. Poulleau of Moscow, has invented a new musical instrument, which is played like a harpsichord, and is said to imitate the sound of a fiddle, viol, violoncello, and *viole d' amour*.

HUMAN SACRIFICES.

We have already noticed, with pleasure that the British government in India, is actively and successfully engaged in discouraging the inhuman ceremonies amongst the Asiatics, which was wont to attend the death of a relative, and especially the voluntary immolation of widows on the funeral piles of their husband. The practice is so grafted on the barbarous superstition of the country, so woven with its religious doctrine, that although the interference of the English has rendered it less frequent, it will probably require a length of time, and strong military execution, wholly to prevent it.

The custom is at present confined to the Brahmins; and when an individual of this cast dies, his principal widow is deprived of her character and cast, and becomes infamous if she refuses to sacrifice herself and she is further urged to suicide, by an opinion, which the priests zealously inculcate, that after they die in this manner they enjoy the most exquisite happiness. They, however, are sometimes wanting in resolution; and to retain life, submit to the penalties which a barbarous custom has attached to it. In other cases, again a sense of shame, and the upbraidings of their relatives, have induced them to atone for this weakness by deaths of aggravated pain:—one of these instances is mentioned if we mistake not, by Mr. Hastings, when a woman burnt herself with such horrid, yet heroic deliberation, that she was three days in consuming her legs and arms, &c. before the vital spark was destroyed.

At different places, the manner of performing this horrid ceremony varies. In Bengal the funeral pile of the husband is constructed contiguous to a wall, with space enough between for a single person to walk, as it is customary for the widow to walk three times round it, previous to the ceremony. A hole is made in the wall at the height of the pile, in which a beam is placed, upwards of twenty feet long, with a rope fixed to its end, for the purpose of making it osculate.

After the widow has performed he ambulations, and taken off her jewels which she distributes among her companions, she ascends the pile, and falls prostrate embracing the body of her husband; the beam is then put in motion, and falls so heavily upon her as to break her back, and deprive her of the power of moving. The pile is then set on fire, and martial music, combined with the shouts of the people, completely drown the groans occasioned by her agony; while she is thus, in the most perfect sense of the expression, burned alive.

In Assam, when any of the rajahs, magistrates or principal men die, an immense cave is dug for his corpse, and his wives, servants, and elephants, are likewise entombed for his future state and convenience——provisions, lamps, oil, &c. are buried with them; but as these cemeteries are never opened, it has not been ascertained how long the unfortunate women live; but it is probable that the damp and want of air, shortly terminate their sufferings.

In London the Lawyer's regiment, formed by the benchers and students of the several inns of court, distinct from the Bloomsbury corps, have gained a military appellation for which they are not much indebted to the wag of a godfather who gave it:—for in contradistinction to the "King's own," and the "Prince's own," this destructive legion is called the "*Devil's own.*"

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

FRIDAY, APRIL 13.

Lewis of Monte Blanco (Dunlap) and Ways and Means, (Colman the younger.)

MONDAY, APRIL 16.

The Wife of Two Husbands (Dunlap.) and Raising the Wind, (Kenny.)

The plot of this very interesting piece *(The Wife of two Husbands)* is, shortly this.

Theodore Fritz a dissippated and unprincipled young man who had deserted from the emperor's service, finds means to seduce into marriage, the daughter of *Baron Werner*, who loading his child

with curses departs his country. *Fritz* disappointed in his expectation of wealth from the connection, ill treats his wife, who after some years goes in search of her father whom she finds poor and blind. By her industry she supports him, but under a feigned name, and educates her little boy, the son of *Fritz*. In this situation she is beloved by *Count Belflor* a Sicilian nobleman in the emperor's service, and receives certificates of the death of *Fritz*. She marries and taking her father with her, who had assumed the name of Maurice, she, as the *Countess Belflor* fixes him on a farm which is part of the *Count's* estate. *Belflor* bestows on the *Countess* the castle and estate on which she resides and rejoins the army. At the opening of the piece *Fritz* makes his appearance having escaped from prison and followed his victim to Sicily. The certificates of his death had been contrived by him to ensnare his wife, and he now comes to claim her, on the very day of *Belflor's* return from the army, and to rob her of the property she holds. It can easily be imagined that such a situation must produce fine opportunities for dramatic effect—suffice it to say that the villain's designs are frustrated by an old major and an Irish corporal who recognize him as a deserter and apprehend him to put his sentence in execution.

Belflor however from motives of delicacy, proposes the means of escape to him, and determines, in concurrrence with the *Countess* on separation from her during his life. *Fritz* and his companion *Walter* plan the murder of *Belflor* but this plot is again baffled by the old corporal, and the piece concludes happily.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18.

The Soldier's Daughter (Cherry) and The Prize (P. Hogre.)

This elegant Comedy, the favorite of the present season in London, was received with the liveliest tokens of applause by a very genteel audience and announced for repetition.

In page 176 of this work, we inserted "Lines to Eliza," as an original production of W. D. *who addressed them to us as such. By a note from Mr.* M'Dowell, *editor of the* HIVE, *we find they had previously appeared in that paper: an error which our sapient* plagiarist *did not correct) escaped the first publication, and Mr. M. having since corrected it, we have for that reason, as well as to place it to its proper credit, have this day republished it. There is perhaps no plagiarism so mean as an anonymous one; as it is almost impossible to know an original from a* stolen *piece among the many publications of the present day; (altho' we have opportunely detected several similar impositions.) W. D. has had the fortune to be detected in a distant state, and altho' unknown, to be despised at home and abroad.*

Married,

On Thursday evening, the 12th inst. Mr. John Cunningham, to Miss Elizabeth Gibson, both of this city.

The same evening, Mr. James Brown, to Miss Eleanor Lambert, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, Mr. William Jenkins, Philadelphia, brewer, to Miss Elizabeth Burr, daughter of Mr. William, Burr, of New York.

On Saturday evening last, Capt. White Matlack, jun. to Miss Abigail Robertson, daughter of Robert Robertson, all of this city.

On Saturday evening last, at Newtown, (L. I.) Mr. Jeromus I. Rapelyea, to Miss Phoebe Greenoak, daughter of Mr. John Greenoak, all of that place.

On Monday evening at Barbadoes Neck, (N. J.) Thomas M. Harvey, merchant, of this city, to Miss Swan Schuyler, daughter of John Schuyler, esq. of that place.

On Tuesday evening last, Mr. Middleton, to Miss Margaret M'Cready, both of this city.

At Albany, Mr. Isaiah Townsend, merchant, to Miss Susannah Robison.

Died,

On Monday last, of a lingering illness which she bore with christian fortitude, Mrs. Janeway, consort of George Janeway, esq.

W. S. TURNER,

SURGEON DENTIST, FROM LONDON.

Respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that he practises in all the various branches of his profession. He fits Artificial Teeth with such uncommon nicety as to answer all the useful purposes of nature, and of so neat an appearance, that it is impossible to discern them from real ones. His method of cleaning the teeth is allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without giving the least pain or incurring the slightest injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth-ache he can truly say, that his Tincture has very seldom failed in removing the torture; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting the tooth, and indeed of decayed teeth in general, (from considerable study and practice) is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any lady or gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 12, Dey-Street—where may be had, with directions, his Antiscorbutic TOOTH-POWDER, a most innocent preparation of his own, from Chymical and Medical experience. It has been in great esteem the last ten years, and is considered as pleasant in its application, as it is excellent in its effect; it renders the teeth smooth and white, braces the gums, makes them healthful, red and firm, prevents decay, tooth-ache, that accumulation of tartar, (so destructive to the teeth and gums) and imparts to the breath a most delectable sweetness.

Sold by appointment of the proprietor, at G. & R. Waite's Patent Medicine Warehouse and Bookstore, No. 64, Maiden-Lane.

SELECT TUITION.

FOR YOUNG LADIES.

From 12 till 3 o'clock.

Young Ladies above 12 years of age, who are desirous of perfecting themselves in an approved system of English Education, may apply at JAMES REID's select school for young ladies, No. 80, Greenwich st. on or before the 7th of May, as none will be admitted after that date.

EDUCATION.

Mr. & Mrs. Pirsson,

Respectfully inform their friends and the public that on the first of May next they will open a select boarding and day School for young ladies at No. 308 Greenwich Street.

As the number they propose taking will not exceed thirty five, and as their sole attention will be directed to the improvement of the mind, the morals and the address of their pupils, they hope for a share of public patronage.

Further particulars till the first of May will be made known by applying at Mr. Rayboula's, No. 323 Greenwich-Street.

Theatre.

On Monday evening, April 23,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

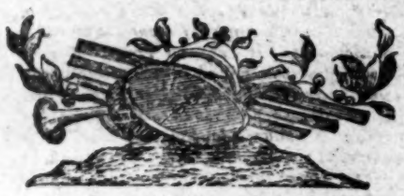
(3d time,)

the most successful comedy that has been bro't forward the last season, in London, called,

The Soldier's Daughter.

with the Farce of

MRS. WIGGINS.



[*From the Hive.*]

TO ELIZA.

AH! tell me Eliza tell me why,
That in the sunshine of thine eye
Unnotic'd William breathes the sigh,
Oh, tell me is he doom'd to die

'Tis William, sweet, who doats on thee,
Then why not give thy heart to me?
And set me from all bondage free,
To life, to love, to liberty.

JUSTICE MISAPPLIED.

From Langhorne's "Country Justice."

SEEST thou afar yon solitary thorn,
Whose aged limbs the heath's wild winds have torn?
While yet to cheer the homeward shepherd's eye,
A few seem straggling in the evening sky!
Not many suns have hasten'd down the day,
Or bushing moons immers'd in clouds their way,
Since there, a scene that stain'd their sacred light,
With horror stopp'd a felon in his flight;
A babe just born that signs of life exprest,
Lay naked o'er the mother's lifeless breast.
The pitying robber, conscious that, pursu'd,
He had no time to waste, yet stood and view'd;
To the next cot the trembling infant bore,
And gave a part of what he stole before;
Nor known to him the wretches were, nor dear,
He felt as man, and dropp'd a human tear.

Far other treatment she who breathless lay,
Found from a viler animal of prey.

Worn with long toil on many a painful road,
That toil increas'd by nature's growing load,
When evening brought the friendly hour of rest,
And all the mother throng'd about her breast,
The ruffian officer oppos'd her stay,
And, cruel, bore her in her pangs away,
So far beyond the town's last limits drove,
That to return were hopeless, had she strove.
Abandon'd there—with famine, pain and cold,
And anguish, she expir'd—the rest I've told.

"Now let me swear—For by my soul's last sigh,
"That thief shall live, that overseer shall die."

Too late!—his life the generous robber paid,
Lost by that pity which his steps delay'd;
No soul-discerning Mansfield sat to hear,
No Hertford bore his prayer to mercy's ear;
No liberal justice first assign'd the gaol,
Or urg'd, as Camplin would have urg'd his tale,
The living object of thy honest rage,
Old in parochial crimes, and steel'd with age,
The grave church-warden!—unabash'd he bears
Weekly to church his book of wicked prayers;
And pours, with all the blasphemy of praise,
His creeping soul in Sternhold's creeping lays!

A VIEW OF FORMER DAYS.

By William Halloway, esq.

"STRANGE how, from sportive childhood's mental dawn,
The imitative faculties of man,
The pow'rs and passions ever keep in play,
To constant action form'd:—that sunny bank
Has witness'd oft the labors of my hand;
There, like another Crusoe, all alone,
Lost in soliloquy, I've toil'd, and delv'd
The rude foundations of a rustic pile;
Without the aid of geometric rule
The structure rose, and pleas'd the builder well;
'Twas call'd his CASTLE; and behind, a grove
Of elder boughs, stuck thick along the soil,
Wav'd their broad heads, with coral berries crown'd,
And form'd a little wilderness of shade.
Hence Fancy wander'd thro' the woodland wilds,
Where, to the cruel ruffian's hand consign'd,
By purjur'd uncle, in a fatal hour,
The much-mourn'd infant orphans met their doom;
And oft I queried, as he hover'd round,
Whether my fav'rite robin, ever nigh,
Was not the self-same bird, whose pious bill
Cover'd with leaves the little luckless pair,
And pour'd, with plaintive trill, their funeral dirge."

ADVICE TO A LOVER.

[*From the Windham Herald.*]

HENRY, you tell me JULIA'S fair,
To lillies you her skin compare,
Her hair is CUPID'S net, you say;
That skin, though fair in beauty's prime,
Shall feel the blasting hand of TIME,
Those charming locks grow harsh and grey!

But O! her angel breast, you cry,
Her dimpled cheek, her sparkling eye,
Spread sweet enchantments o'er my soul;
That breast shall shrink; and, lean and grim,
Those cheeks shall fade, those eyes grow dim,
And in their haggard sockets roll.

But see, with more than mortal air,
She moves; how graceful, beauteous, fair!
She sings——what melody I hear!
That form with crippled age shall bow;
That voice, which warms our fancy now
Shall hoarsely grate within your ear.

Let not these transient charms controul
The nobler beauties of the soul—
Let higher thoughts your bosom move;
Frail charms, like meteors, glide away;
VIRTUE preserves, with brightest ray,
The flame of unextinguish'd love.

LORENZO.

N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

WHAITES & CHARTERS.
PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,

Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

TUITION.

The Subscriber returns his thanks to his employers for their patronage, and flatters himself that he has every reason to hope for a continuance of the same, soliciting also the patronage of the public, informs, that he has removed his School to No. 17, Bancker-Street where he proposes continuing the ensuing year. A Tutoress will attend in said School for the purpose of teaching plain sewing and all kinds of needle work. The subscriber continues as usual to give lessons to ladies and gentlemen at their own dwelling, particularly in the art of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months or exact no pay.

W. D. LEZELL.

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